

# The Unavoidable

by Miss Ragdoll

Category: HakuÅ•ki/è-„æ;æé-¼

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Chizuru Y., Okita S.

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-03-04 10:46:36

Updated: 2014-03-04 10:46:36

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:14:29

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,480

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: All I knew, all I thought was real was changing. All that mattered, all that held meaning was disappearing, and being too quickly replaced. Even the order of things were changing, the way I thought of them, what I held close as my only way, was being replaced and even erased. Just by her presence.

## The Unavoidable

Hello dear readers! Back again, providing one-shots (the only way for me to finish something...)

This fanfic is set in the psp playthrough, by the time okita's condition worsened and had to be sent to Osaka. And chizuru with him (in his route she does, and I of course approve XD) I made some Au here, so I hope this is not too OOC. The game is mature enough, but well, one can fangirl, can't I?

If you are not yet dissappointed, hopefully this will reach you xD but seriously, I hope you enjoy this agnsty fanfic because I shed tears with his route at the psp game, and in the anime (OMG SO SAD). I ship them hard, so I hope you like this. Maybe Chizuru is a bit OOC here. Maybe. But who could resist Okita's charms? \*AHEM\*

Disclaimer: I don't own Hakuouki nor any of its characters.

\* \* \*

><p>I was breaking. Everything was falling into pieces.<p>

What was real, what had been real up until now, what had been my world, was no more.

I had been walking by the only path I thought existed; I could just not take so easily and quickly the existence of any other path. My mind would break. It was about to.

Because all I knew, all I thought was real was changing. All that mattered, all that held meaning was disappearing, and being too quickly replaced.

Even the order of things were changing, the way I thought of them, what I held close as my only way, was being replaced and even erased.

Just by her presence all was getting torn, into pieces. My mind ruled no more; it was my heart, screaming in a desperate cry, to follow her and be her servant. To follow her every word and command and worship her like my lord, my goddess. No shinsengumi, no Kondou. It only existed her.

I was shitlessly scared.

Everything spiraled out of control, free falling and collapsing. My scale of values, broken. My future, broken. My feelings of comradeship, broken.

If she gave the order, I would follow.

I was really, really, shitlessly terrified.

For the first time in my life I had no control whatsoever over myself. In fact, I was losing the last straw of control I had, right there, at that very moment.

And she had only \_touched \_me.

I was said to be unpredictable, a killing machine, a very short fuse, a weapon ready to be fired, a too sharp blade. A fire under no control, a ruthless, uncompassionate assassin.

But for her, I'd be anything she wanted me to. Whatever she pleased, if she indulged me with her presence. Her voice. Her touch.

And I was begging whatever god there existed, precisely not to let that happen. Not being ruled, controlled by her. Not to lose focus on my mission. But at the same time I didn't want her to be away from me, even if I knew she would be my undone.

I knew both things couldn't be.

And so, this happened. The unavoidable. Her.

I couldn't run away from the unavoidable. Not too long ago, being killed in any mission would have been the unavoidable fate. Now the unavoidable fate was to be drowned in her. Burnt by her. Submitted to her every wish.

I was hardly \_gladly \_complying.

Her small frame was too close, it was too fragile, too small, too delicate, too slim. Too easily broken, too holdable. She licked her lips, pink and luscious, an involuntarily reflex, but to me it was just another drop of fuel into the fire consuming my self control. My mind drifted from the dangers to the pleasures of being burnt in this fire.

She was not helping, at \_all\_. All she did was getting closer to me. \_Too \_close. Too close to regret it later and try and run away. None would be able to escape. I wanted to believe she knew about this, because I was about to lose control and I wouldn't regain it no matter what or how she pleaded.

If I was to be burnt, I would burn throughly. To the pits of hell, no going back.

She was driving me insane, the whole definition of insanity.

And I was too greedy. Way too much greedy for my own- for her well being. I wanted her. Damn, any other thing in my short life, I hadn't wanted it as much as I wanted her right now, at this precise moment.

To become one with her, fuse on her, and never again be separated from her.

She got even closer, her small hand still clutching mine, her eyes never leaving mine, her breathing uneven, her blush spreading.

Would she be soft to the touch, her skin warm under my fingertips? Would her body taste sweet to my lips? Would I hurt her?

Hurt her.

\_Hurt her\_.

Maybe if I hurt her she would walk away before it's too late. Before I change her, me, both, without remedy. Before we ruin ourselves. Before we could find happiness.

I should have died, and never met her.

Closer, closer.

An inch away from me she stopped and stood very still, her lips slightly parted, waiting. She wasn't doubting, I could see it in her eyes. She really, really wanted to ruin me. She wanted \_me \_to kiss her.

Damn, to hell with it all.

I grabbed forcefully her hair, loose, and yanked her head backwards, making her wince.

And kissed her deeply, desperately, hungrily.

I hadn't expected my desire to be so pent up until now, so violent, so animalistic. I hadn't predicted she'd be answering my kiss with as much strength as I did put. I had neither expected how much it would turn me on, much, much more than I ever dared to imagine in my wildest delusions. My dreams of her were not even likely to this moment, they were far off to being compared. This was too much better, too much intense. I was melting, melting without remedy, disappearing, my will all lost to her.

She was just as hungry as I was. I started to undress us quickly, not

paying attention to anything that weren't our skins finally touching, fusing. Clothes were in the way for a short span of time, I believe I even ripped something off from her and made her moan against my mouth. Moan, not cry or back away from me. I should have stopped and consider it, I should have been thinking, but I couldn't. She wasn't opposing, and I had lost control over any rational part of me that should have been screaming this was going too far, too quick.

Her hands left goose bumps everywhere they touched me, driving me further to the limit. From her lips to her hands and now her whole body impossibly close, pressed against me, flesh against flesh, tongues swirling, our kiss consuming us. I held her impossibly close to my body, her breasts pressing against my chest, her abdomen, her thighs, her legs around me. We ran our hands up and down, left to right all over our bodies, discovering, hungrily learning every inch of each other. I groped her butt and pressed her even more against me, earning a ragged moan against my mouth. I was physically, mentally at my limit. I had to have her.

And she didn't hold back either. Her legs trapped me and pressed me against her, making me hold her while she was sitting on top of me. She didn't want to take it slowly, and I was glad, because I wouldn't have been able to neither stop or go slower.

I wanted, \_needed \_to fuck her. And on wildy abandon I rammed against her. I couldn't think the moment I felt her. I felt her shudder violently and cling to me and it all was too much. Her thightness, her heat, her \_moans\_-

" ...I love you."

-until I heard her voice. I stopped dead in tracks. Suddenly everything previously discarted was whirlwind spiraling again in my head.

Sex I could allow it, my own feelings I could stand -\_barely\_- them.

But that she'd throw away her life for me, \_that \_I couldn't allow it. I thought I was the only one infatuated by her, the only one helplessly in love. How could I not see it? She was \_not \_a demon brought from hell to ruin me, a temptress, a succubus. She was a girl, in love. With me. And she should have never fallen for me.

Her determination would kill her.

How had I allowed me- how the fuck had I allowed her to do this?

I put my hands on her shoulders and violently pushed her away from me, breaking our physical contact and making me painfully aware of what was happening, of what I was doing; I had corrupted her. I should have never ever touched her and stained her. Not me, never me.

I would die alone. I wouldn't be saved. I wouldn't ruin her. She could be my undoing, I would be burnt in her fire and thrown away to the pit of hell for her. But I would never allow her to be as involved with me as I was with her. I'd rather she was a devil who used me, chew me and then spit me, than the innocent and pure girl I knew she was, and have her suffer by my side. Because I knew what I

was and I knew what I wasn't. And I wasn't \_human \_or near redemption enough to deserve such a thing as her love. I wasn't kind, I wasn't selfless, and I wasn't deserving of her.

\_I should have died, and never met her. \_

That way I'd never have learnt what it meant to have and lose something precious. To desire what you cannot- what you're not allowed to have.

I didn't want her to allow herself to be ruined.

I'd run away.

If she got in my way I'd kill her. And then kill myself...

"Okita san."

My name on her lips was like a mermaid's chant: enticing, dangerous, and sweet to my ears. It almost made me lose control for a moment, but I regained my senses quickly. I looked at her and she looked utterly sad, but most of all she looked like she knew me, as if she could read me like an open book. She knew why I was pushing her away. Slowly, she crawled came back to me, my silent warning having no effect on her whatsoever. She wasn't scared of me, or of what I could do to her. As if she would gladly die, as I would, by her hand. As if she accepted me, wanted me, any fate that came with me. As if she really wanted me to ruin her life. To give in to the love that consumed me. To stain, corrupt and rot her.

"...Why?"

Why Chizuru. Goddammit, why.

She just embraced me and pressed me against her.

"You are not alone. You have me. You'll always have me."

\_ 'Have you' \_... and what have I done to deserve you? Why did you have to come and offer me happiness? Why did you have to come and open me a new path, full of possibilities? Why would you destroy my dull world and take me away from all I knew. I'm afraid of loving you and then losing you. Afraid that if you disappear one day happiness and everything that came with it would vanish, and all I would have left behind would have been for nothing, because you'd not be by my side anymore. I can't have you because I'm too scared to lose you. It terrifies me.

Why did you have to come to Kyoto?

Why did you have to stay with the Shinsengumi?

Why didn't you run away?

Why did you come close to me?

Why did you trust me?

I can't understand a single thing...

"Don't push me away Okita san..."

Her voice again was like a drug, like water for the thirsty, food for the starving. Dammit, how would I? I laughed unamused. Push her away? I was way too greedy. If I closed my eyes, I could let this fire consume us, so we could both die happily. Did she want such a nasty, greedy man by her side? Did she really know of the implications of her death wish? I killed by the sword, and by the sword I was meant to die- if this illness eating away my lungs wasn't quicker. I was deemed to die a horrible, painful and well-deserved death. Did she really want me by her side until I died? Did she want to expose herself to share my fate, whatever it was? She was very likely to die if she got closer to me. I'd kill her, if not by my own hands, at least indirectly, I'd be the death of her.

Nothing good could come of being close to me. But she wouldn't have listened to me.

"Why would you go so far, Chizuru?"

I asked, out of frustration, sadness and deceived with myself. She looked at me with a kindness that melted me. She didn't hesitate.

"Because I love you."

It was such a pure confession, so heartfelt and honest it made me doubt on my convictions, if only for a fraction of a second. That someone could love me so heartfully, so dearly to expose herself like this... Not someone or anyone, but her, Chizuru, for whom I felt so deeply. But precisely because of how much I cherished her, I wanted to keep her safe. Safe and away from me.

Well, I didn't want her away from me. I wanted her away almost as much as I wanted her on me.

When did it start? How could I wait until it affected me this much? I thought I had it under control, but ever since we came to Osaka - no, even sooner, I started to feel something I couldn't place, didn't want to place. From the moment she fell ontop of me, my mind started to play tricks on me... To the point now everytime my name slips past her lips, or she touches me, I think I may become crazy with lust.

Really, what the hell was wrong with me? I knew I was sick, but this?

"Do you not love me?"

She startled me. Of course, until this moment I had never made clear my feelings towards her: always playful, but always cautious, until I could control myself no more. I had threatened her more than once, and I had seen a flicker of fright each time. She was clever and fear was a self preserving instinct. But that fears, I saw them melting away into something else, and in time, each threat from me became a playful tease, and finally fell in nothing for all I could have said.

Late, I realized that it wasn't that she wasn't scared of the possibility of being killed, but that she was much more drawn to me

and that weighted more than fear to be killed in time. She had fallen for a trap, for love. I didn't want to believe it, I didn't want to believe those blushes, those stammering sounds her heart made when I crossed looks with her, those stuttered words she spared me when I made a naughty comment on her could mean she was as drawn to me as I was to her. Because, after all, how could I? What was I if not a weapon? But that notion about me, at some point, changed in her. It shouldn't: I was still, and I'd always be, a weapon ready to kill.

If her conception of me hadn't changed I could still lie. I could still tell her this was nothing but a merely physical attraction. But there has been so much more to this, there had been too many things around us for the past months to just justify my acts as pure lust and nothing else. Lie, I couldn't, but not being honest, that was my speciality.

"Does it even matter?"

I stared at her, my voice daring.

"It does matter to me."

Her determination...

"But it changes nothing."

... and my denial. But if there was something Chizuru was, was persistent. She never gave up, she was strong, stronger than most people would think. Strong in a way I was not.

"You are wrong. I want to be with you, that's why I stayed here and did not leave. I want to stay with you, Okita. It matters because it's the only thing that would keep me away from you."

I stared at her, lost for words. She had stated that I was the only one that would keep her away from me. It was true; if my feelings did not match hers, she'd have no reason to stay. Could I blatantly lie, even after all this? Would she believe it? Was she just testing how far I could go just to keep her away?

She smiled. And this time it was a sad smile that broke my heart.

"Anyway... even if I were just a pest for you... I would like to remain here, with you. And take care of you until you recover. Then, you can decide if you want to throw me away."

It was as if my heart stalled, my feelings all mixed and confused, like I was sad and happy at the same time, and I held her tightly, answering to her comforting embrace. I heard her whisper my name against my chest and fought the impulse of letting go just to kiss her again. All this was tearing me apart. I could not have her and the shinsengumi, I had to choose, and I wasn't prepared. But I had to. Though there were more pressing matters right now...

"Okita san..."

"No, please, listen. First I, uh... I need to apologize for this, for... well, for all of \_this\_."

I hinted the fact we were naked, embracing, and just a moment ago, consumed in the heat of the passion, in my room in the darkest of the night. It felt wrong, in so many ways...

"I did not even stop to consider if I would hurt you..."

I did not stop to think at all. I heard her speak in a small but convinced voice.

"You did not. Not much."

I could feel her lips against my chest as she spoke and I couldn't help teasing her when she was being so honest, and so very bold. I wanted to see her blush.

"Your lips, it tickles."

"Oh. So- sorry."

I felt the heat of her cheeks and knew I had succeeded. She tried to back away a little but I kept her in place firmly.

"There's no reason for you to apologize. As I was saying, I should be the one apologizing."

"I don't see you're very regretful."

I wasn't. Well, I was. Well, goddammit, I didn't know. I chuckled, defeated, my wolfish smile forming on my lips. Finally I surrendered to my own messed feelings.

"It's complicated."

"I know."

She was way too kind, too gentle. Softly, I disentangled my arms from her so I could look directly at her eyes. It was damn dark, but still the moon was shining bright and lighted the room even through the closed shoji panels. And I could see her in all her beauty, her form, her color. She must have felt cold because she shivered. Or maybe she just realized she was naked and covered herself. Could be both. It amused me watching her squirm like this. I wrapped my haori around her.

"Thanks..."

"Oh, you're very much welcome."

I teased her again. She was furiously blushing now. This girl was a contradiction in itself; one moment she was all over me, without second thoughts and completely freed, and the other she was blushing as if she knew nothing about what was happening. I loved it.

She sighed, wrapping herself under my haori and smelling it discreetly. A shadow of a smile formed on her lips. I covered myself a bit too. Truly, now that I wasn't feeling her body it was cold. Then she broke the silence.

"I never intended to make you choose, Okita san."



Oh wow. THAT startled me. What the- how did she...? What was this girl? Where they really THAT observant? I was scared of feminine intuition right now.

My face must have told her all that because she chuckled slightly. The next silence was of course, a hint for me to say something. Problem was, I didn't know what to say. I didn't expect that. I should have, knowing her because... well, I haven't met any other person as selfless as she was. I frowned.

"That would hurt you."

A second later, I realized that implicitly in my choice of words was that I had already decided to stay with the shinsengumi. My subconscious was a traitorous bitch. I just needed one more second to choose her, really.

"It would hurt me more to be apart from you."

"There's nothing worth I can offer you, Chizuru."

She stared at me, confused for a moment. And then half smiled.

"I'm... not looking for something like that. Not looking for a comfortable house, or money, or even a peaceful life. As long as I'm with you, none of that matters."

I stared at her dumbfounded. Had she really made such a statement? Was she serious - was she crazy?

"Chizuru I..."

I can't do this to you. \_

I wanted to say that. Wanted to make her rethink her words, take a different path and go away from me. But I couldn't. I had reached a point of no return and I couldn't say what I didn't feel. I couldn't lie myself and her anymore. I was tired of this. It was too much life-consuming to be healthy, and damn, I had not much health left to spend on this. So I gave it up for now and decided to be honest.

"I can't leave the shinsengumi. I can't leave Kondo san."

"I know, I understand."

"And once I'm better I'll go to fight alongside them."

"I know."

"I don't even know if I'll be back."

"I'll go with you then."

Like hell I'd allow that.

"No damn way."

She stared at me straightforwardly.

"I decided to follow you to Osaka. I can go anywhere I want, I'm almost a shinsengumi member by right."

She was \_almost \_right on that last part.

"You can't fight."

"I can. I'm a demon. I heal even faster than you and I can be of help. Saito san even said I was capable to, and Hijikata san agreed to let me go on guards with you."

I sneered at the mention of Hijikata.

"Nope. Hajime kun said you had \_strong \_determination. And Hijikata \_san\_... he's an asshole for all I care."

She frowned at my answer.

"Then I'll practice until I'm useful. I promise I won't hold you back."

I sighed exasperated.

"Always the last word; aren't you being a little conceited?"

She reeled a bit at this, but then she looked at me, her eyes glowing with determination.

"I... I want to share any fate that comes with you. I want to stay by your side until the end."

I gaped at her. I couldn't believe it. A death oath, that was what she had just done. She had said she wanted to die if I died. Too far was too far.

"I can't allow such a thing."

"Then don't die."

She smiled, such a sad but honest smile I didn't know what to do. Well I knew what I should have done, had my willpower been enough to oppose my heart. But as always around her, it wasn't.

My body moved on its own will and my hand caressed her face, at which she closed her eyes and leaned her head to my hand. The moment I touched her I knew I had lost myself again. And all my willpower had crumbled. I didn't want to fight anymore.

"Hey Chizuru..."

I purred as I got closer to her, my lips inches away from hers. She didn't open her eyes, just hummed in response.

"Whatever happens from now on... we'd at least have this, wouldn't we?"

"What do you mean?"

Her whisper ticked my lips, almost giving in to the kiss.

"This moment..."

And I kissed her, softly, tenderly, just feeling her lips and her sweetness. She sighed and I deepened the kiss, making it more passionate. I held her close again against me and started trailing my hands down her body. She murmured something in my mouth while we were kissing and it only took me a second to understand it: 'I'm yours'.

And I wanted her so much... how could I resist such a plea?

I wanted to taste her, all of her, so I trailed kisses all over her body, while I saw her squirm and blush at my assault. She was so soft, and tasted so damn good I couldn't help tasting her and make her moan loudly. She was new to all of this, I knew it, and I wanted to make this something she'd remember, and cherish. Like I would. If this was to be my last memory among the living, it would be memorable. Something worth dying for. Something to hold on when everything else disappeared. My memory of her. So I would die happily, knowing I could love and be loved. That my existence had been somehow... meaningful.

I made love to her all night, sweet and slow, fast and rough, until we could no more. Until we fell asleep of exhaustion and pleasure. And in the dawn I also made an oath.

This girl... I would keep her safe. And by my side.

"Hey Chizuru... I think you've misunderstood something. I think it's me who's yours."

End  
file.